

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Cres.* Good Vnckle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for *Antenor*: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it.

*Cres.* O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:

I know no touch of consanguinitie:  
No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me,  
As the sweet *Troilus*: O you gods diuine!  
Make *Cressida* name the very crowne of falsehood!  
If euer she leaue *Troilus*: time, orce and death,  
Do to this body what extremitie you can;  
But the strong base and building of my loue,  
Is as the very Center of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

*Pan.* Doe, doe:

*Cres.* Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised cheekes,  
Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart  
With sounding *Troilus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor and Diomedes.*

*Par.* It is great morning, and the houre prefixt  
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke  
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troilus*,  
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,  
And haue her to the purpose.

*Troy.* Walke into her house:  
He bring her to the Grecian presently;  
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,  
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troilus*  
A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

*Par.* I know what 'tis to loue,  
And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.  
Please you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.  
*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
The griefe is true, full perfect that I taste,  
And no lesse in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?  
If I could temporise with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,  
The like alaiment could I giue my griefe:  
My loue admits no qualifying croffe; *Enter Troilus.*  
No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

*Pan.* Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

*Cres.* O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

*Pan.* What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh harr, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heauie heart, why sighst thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer time; let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

*Troy.* *Cressida*: I loue thee in so strange a puritie;  
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,  
More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which  
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

*Cres.* Haue the gods enuie?

*Pan.* I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

*Cres.* And is it true, that I must goe from *Troy*?

*Troy.* A hatefull truth.

*Cres.* What, and from *Troilus* too?

*Troy.* From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

*Cres.* Is it possible?

*Troy.* And sodainely; where iniurie of chance  
Puts backe leaue-taking, iustles roughly by  
All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents  
Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,  
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.  
We two, that with so many thousand sighes  
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,  
With the rude breuitie and discharge of our  
Iniurious time; now with a robbers haste  
Crams his rich theuerie vp, he knowes not how.  
As many farwels as be stars in heauen,  
With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,  
Heumbles vp into a loose adieu;  
And scants vs with a single famish't kisse,  
Distasting with the salt of broken teares. *Enter Aeneas.*

*Aeneas within.* My Lord, is the Lady ready?

*Troy.* Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so  
Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.  
Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,  
or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Troy.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A wofull *Cressida* 'mongst the merry Greekes.

*Troy.* When shall we see againe?

*Troy.* Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

*Cres.* I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

*Troy.* Nay, we must vse expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from vs:

I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Gloue to deare himselfe,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers

As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

*Troy.* And Ile grow friend with danger;

Weare this Sleeue.

*Cres.* And you this Gloue.

When shall I see you?

*Troy.* I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,

To giue thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.

*Cres.* O heauens: be true againe?

*Troy.* Heare why I speake it; Loue:

The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,

Their louing well compos'd, with guist of nature,

Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:

How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.

Alas, a kinde of godly ieaousie;

Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:

Makes me affraid.

*Cres.* O heauens, you loue me not!

*Troy.* Dye I a villaine then:

In this I doe not call your faith in question

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heele the high Laolt; nor sweeten talke;

Nor play at subtil games; faire vertues all;

*Troilus and Cressida.*

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
But I can tell that in each grace of these,  
There lurkes a still and dumb-dilcoursiue diuell,  
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Doe you thinke I will:

*Troy.* No, but something may be done that we wil not:

And sometimes we are diuels to our selues,

When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,

Presuming on their changefull potencie.

*Aeneas within.* Nay, good my Lord?

*Troy.* Come kisse, and let vs part.

*Paris within.* Brother *Troilus*?

*Troy.* Good brother come you hither,

And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you. *Exit.*

*Cres.* My Lord, will you be true?

*Troy.* Who? alas it is my vice, my fault:

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;

Whil'ft some with cunning guild their copper crownes,

With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare:

*Enter the Greekes.*

Fear not my truth; the mortall of my wit

Is plaine and true; ther's all the reach of it.

Welcome Sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady

Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.

At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,

And by the way possesse thee what she is.

Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,

If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,

Name *Cressida*, and thy life shall be as safe

As *Priamus* is in Illion?

*Diomed.* Faire Lady *Cressida*,

So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheek,

Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diomed*

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Troy.* Grecian, thou do'st not vse me curteously,

To shame the scale of my petition towards,

Ipraising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:

Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,

As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruant:

I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:

For by the dreadfull *Pinto*, if thou do'st not,

(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)

Ile cut t' h- throat.

*Diomed.* Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troilus*;

Let me be priuileg'd by my place and message,

To be a speaker free? when I am hence,

Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;

She nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth

She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;

Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

*Troy.* Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,

This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head;

Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,

To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.

*Sound Trumpet.*

*Par.* Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.

*Aeneas.* How haue we spent this morning

The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,

That swore to ride before him in the field.

*Par.* 'Tis *Troilus* fault: come, come, to field with him. *Exeunt.*

*Diomed.* Let vs make ready straight.

*Aeneas.* Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie